

here before," said Sam, in a conversational tone.

Ira colored. The girl also looked embarrassed and glanced at the floor.

"Well, you see," stammered Ira, "there wasn't any—that is, they wasn't this girl, was they?"

Sam laughed, as did Fred, but they stopped suddenly. With a sob, the girl wrenched her arm away from Ira and dashed out of the room. Ira tore after her.

"Now you've done it," declared Fred. It's up to you to repair the damage. What in Sam Hill did you want to tell her about the fellow's other girls for?"

The two hurried from the room after the couple. In the hall they saw Ira standing near a pillar, mopping his face, while farther down the hall the girl was in the enveloping arms of three other girls.

"Why," gasped Sam, "those are the girls I saw with our friend on the other trips. And now they seem to be holding his bride so that she won't get away. What does it mean?"

Ira overheard Sam, and with a sheepish grin, turned to him.

"They're my sisters," Ira explained. "They've helped me engineer this wedding. My girl didn't want to marry me (this awfully bashful), but they helped me out and came with me to find out about the license when I thought I had the girl. One of 'em's married," he volunteered.

"And the two pretty ones—

they're not married, are they?" Ferd asked.

"No, they're not married," Ira grinned. Walking up to the girl who had ceased struggling, Ira caught her about the waist. Then he called to the two men.

"Come up and meet my sisters," he said.

And Sam and Fred, with conscious tugs at their ties, but with broad grins, walked forward.



Is Fisher the pack-horse of the administration? They first loaded Alaska on his back, and now they talk of giving him the holiday task of managing Taft's campaign for re-election.

Russia is pitching into Persia now. If you want to be in fashion just pull off your coat and fight somebody.